

A NEW YORK MONTE CRISTO

Brewster's Millions

By Geo. B. McCutcheon.

CHAPTER XXVII. The Night Before. "I'S all up to Jones, now," kept running through Brewster's brain...

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"I'S all up to Jones, now," kept running through Brewster's brain as he drove off to keep his appointment with Peggy Gray.

Peggy was waiting for him. Her cheeks were flushed as with a fever. She had caught from him the mad excitement of the occasion.

"Come, Peggy," he exclaimed, eagerly. "This is our last holiday—let's be merry. We can forget it to-morrow."

"If you like, when we begin all over again, but maybe it will be worth remembering," he insisted. He assisted her to the seat and then leaped up beside her.

"It is absolute madness, dear," she said, but her eyes were sparkling with the joy of recklessness.

"I know what you mean. An other's not to attach my belongings or seat up the side of the sort. No, dearest, I give you my word of honor, I do not intend to leave the world."

"But we must dress for that, dear," she cried. "And the chaparral?"

"I'm ashamed to confess it, Peggy, but I have no other clothes than these I'm wearing now."

"No, Monty, Sherry's out of the question. We can't go there," she said, decisively.

"Oh, Peggy! That spoils everything," he cried, in a disappointed tone.

know how to do it any other way. I believe I'll let you carry the pocketbook after to-morrow. Let me think: I know a nice little restaurant down town. We'll go there and then to the theatre. Dan De Mille and his wife are to be in my box, and we're all going up to Pettinelli's studio afterwards. I'm to give the 'Little Sons' a farewell supper. If my calculations don't go wrong, that will be the end of the hunt and we'll go home happy."

At 11 o'clock Pettinelli's studio opened its doors to the "Little Sons" and their guests, and the last "Dutch lunch" was soon under way. Brewster had paid for it early in the evening, and when he sat down at the head of the table there was not a penny in his pocket.

"Congratulations are in order," said the "Little Sons," sat six guests, among them the De Milles, Peggy Gray and Mary Valentine. Napper Harrison was the only absent "Little Son" and his health was proposed by Brewster shortly before the evening began.

Interruption came earlier on this occasion than it did that night. Young Harrison did not deliver his message to Brewster until 11 o'clock in the morning, but the De Mille boy who rang the bell at Pettinelli's a year later handed him a telegram before 12 o'clock.

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"I'm sorry I can't tell you about this," he said, so gravely that his dearest, who had been waiting for him to read the message aloud, he was not sure that a young woman would have been so kind as to let him speak, but the tones were steady, natural and as cold as steel.

"What has anything happened?" came in halting, frightened tones from Peggy.

"It concerns me alone, and it is purely a business matter. Seriously, I can't delay going for another minute. It is vital. In an hour I'll return. Peggy, don't be worried—don't be distressed about me. Go on and have a good time, everybody, and you'll find me the jolliest fellow on earth when I come back. It's 12 o'clock. I'll be here by 1 on the 23d of September. Let me go with you," begged Peggy, tremulously, as she followed him into the hallway.

"Don't worry, little woman, it will be all right."

"He loves a Catholic." Dear Betty: Add a young man of twenty and of Jewish lineage. For some time I have been keeping company with a Catholic girl of my age, and know from her words that my love was returned.

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The First of a Series of Articles on Fun and Funny New Yorkers From the Pen of One of America's Greatest Laugh Makers

Life Is a Laugh. Get In and Enjoy Yourself!

It is a great thing to be good company for yourself. You have no idea how well you like yourself if you string yourself along and hand yourself a laugh every once in a while.

seriously; this comes from standing in front of the mirror and holding conversations with themselves when the world isn't looking. It isn't conceit altogether, it is a wild desire born in mankind to make themselves believe they are the whole works. You can't get your proper size in the mirror; get on the roof of the Flatiron Building and look down on the others, in order to get a line on yourself.

How few of us are ever happy when we are alone! This is only because we get serious when we are alone. It's a great thing to be good company for yourself. You've no idea how well you like yourself if you string yourself along and hand yourself a laugh every once in a while.

Jolly Springtime Advice. By GEORGE M. COHAN



This is a great big country. Barrels of money in the United States, and wise men laugh themselves into a bank roll.

YOU want to laugh, I want to laugh, we ALL want to laugh. If you are a married man, hand your wife as many laughs as possible; that will make her love you all the more.

Hand your employer as many laughs as you can, and your job is safe, and it will save you thinking up stuff to hand your landlady laughs in order to hang onto the hall room you've laughed your way into.

Every time you make the bartender laugh you get the kind the boss drinks.

Make the waiter laugh and he serves you twice as well. Always make your tailor laugh, especially when you owe him money.

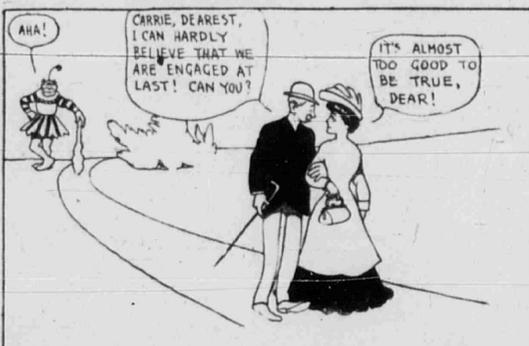
When you go to the theatre, go there to laugh. If you laugh, the fellow next to you laughs; if he laughs, the fellow next to him laughs, and, as laughter is contagious, the first thing you know the whole house is laughing, the actors are working twice as hard, you get three times as much for your money and everybody is satisfied.

Never complain about the weather; always say, "Wasn't it a splendid blizzard?" instead of, "Wasn't it an awful storm?"

Never ask a man in the middle of August if it is hot enough for him, because some day some one's going to say "No;" then what are you going to say?

Never find fault with the street-car conductor, and don't grumble because you have to stand up for fifteen or twenty blocks; just take your medicine with a smile, grab on to a strap, say something funny, get everybody in the car laughing, turn it into a picnic party, and the first thing you know you are home, and you won't mind the trip at all.

The Foolkiller



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BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

EXTRAVAGANT WIVES. MORE marriages are spoiled by the feminine love of clothes than by the masculine love of liquor, to which so many failures are attributed. Last week one husband said to me, speaking of money he made at night: 'You'd never think of working nights for myself. But I'm a married man and I have to. It takes so much money to dress my wife.' Another said, not complainingly, but in a casual way: 'I haven't bought any new clothes for two years—not since I was married.' I wonder if wives realize how many husbands are turned into mere money-making machines by their extravagant demands.

He Loves a Catholic. Dear Betty: Add a young man of twenty and of Jewish lineage. For some time I have been keeping company with a Catholic girl of my age, and know from her words that my love was returned.

HINTS FOR THE HOME. Cream Cake. BEAT 2 eggs into a teaspoon and fill the cup with cream, 1 cup of sugar.

Loves a Navy Man. AM twenty-one years of age and am considered very handsome by my friends. I am desperately in love with a young lieutenant in the navy.

He Did Not Write. Dear Betty: I am a young man nineteen years of age and attended a house party in October, where a girl two years my junior forced her attentions upon me.

A Deep Red Rose. Dear Betty: I am a young man nineteen years of age. I cannot afford to express what my feelings are toward a pretty young girl with whom I am well acquainted.

A Restaurant Problem. Dear Betty: I am a young man and am married. I am dining at a restaurant. An adjoining table a gentleman and wife are dining. He is an old acquaintance of the first named lady.

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THE NEW PLAY "Ambitious Mrs. Alcott"

Enough to Make Any One Turn Gray.

SOMEHOW or other the lady with a past doesn't seem so heartrending nowadays as she did in the past. A few years ago the sympathetic theatregoer never thought of taking along less than one extra handkerchief when he went to commiserate with her, but now he is able to view her sad case without even that "suspicious moisture" so often mentioned in emotional circles.

Miss Dorothy Dorr, who suggests Lillian Russell trying to be Mrs. Carter, fails to find a spark of sympathy for "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott" at the Astor Theatre. The play by Leo Dittichstein and Percival Pollard is a bit enough, but Miss Dorr's acting is several degrees worse. She "acts" until you long to trot off with the other Washington folk and see the much-talked-of Bernhard—"the divine Syrah," as Miss Dorr calls her. The play is along the lines of "Mrs. Dane's Defense," but where Mrs. Dane fights until she is beaten, Mrs. Alcott has practically won the fight when she throws up the sponge. She leaves you with the irritating sense that you have had all your four acts of trouble for nothing. Her ambition to capture a third husband not only overleaps itself, but falls down with a dull, dismal thud.

And all this because Mrs. Alcott doesn't handle her past as she would her train. Instead of kicking it behind her and swishing along on her ex matrimonial career, she stops short and like the late sanctified Zama, becomes so noble in the last act that one feels she ought to be booked for a series of Sunday matinees on the Y. M. C. A. circuit.

After surviving two husbands and a mysterious affair with a naughty king in a land that isn't on the map she gives her warmed-over affection to a nice young man who seems to be doing messenger service for one of the departments in Washington. Mr. Charles Cherry plays young Richard Wintthrop with very good grace and well-brushed hair, and is obliged to swallow large doses of love for Miss Dorr talks most of it straight down his throat. When it comes to being "intense" at close range, Miss Dorr is an actress of unusual power.

Richard responds with a fervent "Louise" but his iron-gray brother Lawrence arrives on the scene and recognizes Mrs. Alcott as the woman she once loved, who dropped him for a man higher up. He knows about the king business, and starts in to save his brother from impulsive matrimony. Mrs. Alcott loses her appetite, and after exclaiming "No silk in my dinner, no savory in my life!" tells her troubles to a long-suffering servant, takes a glass of wine and braces up for her third matrimonial struggle.

State papers which have been sent on to Washington from the land of the mysterious past include an unexpurgated account of Mrs. Alcott's affair with the naughty king, and Lawrence threatens to use them against her to save his trusting brother. Mrs. Alcott thereupon calls to her aid Count Arpad Stephen Hegedy, the awful king's minister to Washington, who has proposed to her and been gently but firmly thrown in the discard. He promptly trips over 19 and is seen by the President's midnight promise to keep the scandal a state secret.

But passes for a moment, please, and see who's here. It's Richard, back from Bernhard—he has seen a good show, lucky chap! and he has the papers in his pocket. Before he can read them the noble count catches them from him, throws them into the pretty pink napkin, then keels over on a sofa. The heart that he had offered Mrs. Alcott was weak, and the excitement had been too much for him. He was as dead as the play.

It was rather a relief to see Mr. William Hawtree pass away for the part of the count was not at all suited to him, especially English actor. Mr. Leo Dittichstein, who is acting with his usual smoothness, was also miscast and often unintelligible as the dejected brother of the impressionable Richard.

"The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott" is trying enough to make any one turn gray. CHARLES DAKNOTON.

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